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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1915.

A Line o' Cheer Each Day o' the Year.

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

First printing of an original poem, written daily
for The Washington Herald.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving in a day of pain?
Thanksgiving for life's days of rain?
Thanksgiving in a time of war?
With sorrow knocking at the door?
Aye! Thankful in the day of stress
For opportunities that press
For Almoners of Grace to prove
The sweet realities of Love!
For rifts of Hope that point the way
To that all-smiling golden day
When from the night of carnage vain
The Sun of Peace shall dawn again!
(Copyright, 1915.)

Help the Boy Scouts today and the Boy Scouts
may help you at some time in the future.

Be thankful today if you can find some one
who knows of nothing to be thankful for and make
him change his mind.

A Pittsburgh man has warned the United States
Marine Corps not to "employ or hire my son as a
submarine of the navy." And who can blame him
in view of the shady reputation of the submarines?

The expensive fur coat which John Wanamaker
gave Billy Sunday caused the evangelist to be held
up on the Canadian border by United States cus-
toms inspectors. The inspectors lost nothing but
their time.

George Bernard Shaw proposes as the means
of preventing war the appointment of ministers
of peace by all the nations, who are to be shot
when war occurs. For appointment as the first
minister of peace: George Bernard Shaw.

If the United States government succeeds in
proving in its own courts that a vessel sailing
from an American port under an American flag
carried coal and other supplies to German war-
ships in the Atlantic Ocean, how many notes on
the subject of British interference with neutral
commerce will it be necessary to send before Lon-
don is convinced that we are in earnest?

Representative-elect Meeker almost caused a
riot at a suffrage luncheon in St. Louis when he
asserted that in a suffrage election in Denver
business women sold their votes for \$50 each, while
society women's votes could be bought with the-
ater tickets or a box of gloves. It would seem,
though, that the women ought to have been grati-
fied to know that the fair sex hold their votes at
far above the market price of those of the men,
which range from \$5 to a drink of whiskey.

"The national income before the war amounted
to \$2,000 a minute," says the London Evening
News, computing that the war is costing England
\$17,000 a minute. "If, therefore, we paid for this
war out of our income we should be left with
\$6,000 a minute to live on. But before the war we
spent \$19,000 a minute, saving only \$4,000 a min-
ute. To pay for the war we must, therefore, save
another \$13,000 a minute, or add to the national
debt by that amount. The British are doing a
lot of figuring on expenses, but as yet there has
been no figuring on peace as a means of stopping
the enormous outgo.

The Austrian government has complained to the
State Department that the newspapers of the
country are saying unkind things about Consul
General Nuber and wants it stopped. Not con-
tent with assuming jurisdiction over our factories
they would dictate to the press. If President
Wilson and Secretary Lansing would just screw
up their courage and tell every representative of
the royal and imperial Austrian government to
behave himself and mind his own business or quit
this country we guarantee loud shouts of popular
approval and a certain encore when they are ready
to do likewise with the Boy-Ed-Papen-Albert ag-
gregation.

Secretary Lansing is reported to have said that
Capt. Boy-Ed was not guilty of any violation of
law in supplying funds for the sending out from
American ports of Hamburg-American vessels to
provision German warships. True, because as an
attache he is not subject to the criminal laws of
the United States. Mr. Lansing further pointed
out that the State Department could not take
notice of his activities unless it is proved that he
had knowledge of the false registration that it
was necessary to make in order to clear the ves-
sels in question. A pretty point. Boy-Ed hands
to the Hamburg-American officials a large sum of
money which is to be used to provision German
warships from American ports—an act made crim-
inal by our laws. He must have known of course
that the ships could not clear from our ports
without false registration. Nevertheless, he must
be presumed not to have had the least suspicion
that they would be falsely registered. Really this
kind of reasoning scarcely does the State Depart-
ment credit. Of course the impasse that our
esteemed Secretary is leading up to is that Capt.
Boy-Ed can't be tried for an offense against our
laws because he is a diplomat and can't be thrown
out because he has not been convicted of anything.

The Uses of Advertisement.

That there should be numbers of well-meaning
people anxious to enshrine the President's fiancée
in song and story, to embellish with her charms
the waistbands of perfectors, to give her away
with a pound of tea and generally to combine
what they imagine to be pleasure to her with
what they anticipate will be profit to themselves,
is no more than a manifestation of the great
American privilege of invading the privacy of the
citizen. That both President Wilson and Mrs.
Galt should resent these expressions of regard is
very natural, though it may not be in the eyes of
an enterprising democracy very public-spirited.

A nation which is remarkable for the niggardly
honourariums which it bestows upon its public
servants may well believe that so large a sum as
\$75,000 a year should purchase for it not only the
services of a distinguished man but likewise a
ready access to the most intimate private affairs
of the lady of his choice. It is our opinion that
the President should be permitted to be out of
office hours—human and therefore inclined to the
enjoyment of a quite unexceptionable private life,
and that Mrs. Galt should be subjected only to
that exact amount of inquisition, inspection, ex-
ploitation and persecution that the average lady
is accustomed to receive and generally supposed to
appreciate. Being neither an actress, a suffragette,
a divorcee or the plaintiff in a breach of promise
action, Mrs. Galt is not really fair game for the
newspaper reporter.

Nor is the President, apart from his Presi-
dency, a man upon whom an argus-eyed press
would naturally fix its close but discomforting
gaze. He does not hunt lions or discover rivers.
He has not smelt powder or shaken hands with
all the crowned heads of Europe. Neither has he
acted as sponsor or pallbearer for a new political
party. On the other hand, he cannot qualify as a
great fat man, a great lawyer or a great pro-
fessor. Greatness in a word, in so far as it has
come to him, has been largely thrust upon him.
Those who think that way—and there are many—
will say when he relinquishes office "There goes
a great President." They will not say, "There
goes a great man." With the expiration of his
term of office, Woodrow Wilson will retire to
that comparative obscurity in which the vast ma-
jority of the world's best and brightest citizens
perpetually bask. By his works, therefore, let
him be known, and not as the victim of some
genius in the advertising department of a cigar
house or cocktail emporium. As for the lady that
has consented to share his life, let the bright
young men who know so well how to make
"spoon" rhyme with "moon" to the neurotic
cadences of the dance-hall rag wagon advertise
their wares with a face not less charming, per-
haps, but a trifle more vaudevillean. As for the
vendors of tea and tripe, while they are no doubt
well-intentioned, let them show their appreciation
of the first lady in the land to be in some more
delicate manner, always bearing in mind the motto:
"In bonis nil nisi mortuus."

The Cavalry Overlooked.

Until Secretary Garrison's complete plan for
military expansion has been made public it is
neither fair nor wise to attempt criticism of it.
But it is not pertinent to inquire at this stage
"What has happened to the cavalry?" Since the
Spanish-American war, United States troops have
been called into action on the continent only in
connection with the Mexican border troubles. The
work there has been almost entirely cavalry work.
But for the cavalry trouble with Mexican pillagers
on both sides of the border unquestionably would
have attained dangerous proportions. The cavalry
has demonstrated its usefulness in that kind of
country.

Cavalry—British cavalry—brought from another
part of the line effectively stopped the German
drive on Calais in the early stages of the great
war abroad. True it was cut to pieces, but it "got
there" when no other arm could be moved rapidly
enough, and it did the combined work of horse and
foot soldiery.

Cavalry—French and British—stopped the Ger-
man drive on Paris; impeded the huge mass move-
ment of the onrushing Germans until heavier and
less mobile troops could be brought into the im-
mediate theater of operations.

The lack of cavalry on the Eastern front in the
great German drive of last summer prevented the
conquering Germans from snapping the jaws of
the strategic trap upon the retreating armies of
Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, and forfeited an
advantage which if pursued might have resulted
in the fall of Riga and even Petrograd.

These are only a few instances in support of
the just claim for recognition which the cavalry
arm of the United States army may make. It
would be interesting to know whether the plan
to exclude the cavalry from the proposed expan-
sion of the army was recommended by or meets
with the approval of the General Staff of the army
or the military experts of the Army War College.

Making Georgia Dry.

The Georgia legislature has enacted a new pro-
hibition law to make prohibition "absolute and ef-
fective," but while closing all saloons including
those for the sale of near beer, this new law deals
rather liberally with the citizen in his own home.
He is there allowed to consume each month one
half gallon of whiskey, one gallon of wine and six
gallons of beer. There must be few regular toppers
in Georgia who will not be satisfied with this allow-
ance and recognize the liberality of the prohibi-
tion legislation. The advocates of prohibition
have pointed to the increased per capita consump-
tion of alcoholic beverages in this country from
less than eight gallons a year in 1870 to twenty-
two gallons last year, and they have warned us that
we are on the road to drunkenness and prohibition.
But here is a prohibition legislature in a State
which has had State-wide prohibition for several
years, enacting a new law to make prohibition
absolute and effective, and in that law permitting
or recognizing as a prohibition allowance ninety
gallons of alcoholic beverages to every inhabitant
of the State, male and female. This is just five
times the average per capita consumption in the
United States which has so alarmed our good pro-
hibition friends.

No one may sell any beverage in Georgia which
contains more than 1 per cent alcohol, but any
citizen of Georgia may make and consume any
amount of any beverage of any alcoholic strength
he pleases and he may import ninety gallons of
whiskey, beer and wine in every twelve months.
The estimated population of Georgia last year was
2,776,513, and under a logical interpretation of this
new prohibition law to make Georgia absolutely
dry there may be imported into the State for home
consumption 249,886,174 gallons of alcoholic liquors

in the year of our Lord 1916. There were less
than 2,000,000,000 gallons of these alcoholic liquors
produced in the United States last year and under
the new prohibition law of Georgia, the people of
that State may import one-eighth of the whole
production of the United States for home consump-
tion, to supply the deficiency of home production
in the moonshine stills. The Georgian who com-
plains of the absolute aridity of that State by pro-
hibition law ought to be deported. Such ingrati-
tude should not be allowed a place in the great
State of Georgia.

Thanksgiving.

By JOHN D. BARRY.

What can we say on this Thanksgiving? Shall
we rejoice that we are more fortunate than our
sisters and brothers in the European war? In
such rejoicing there would be altogether too much
self-congratulation, not unrelated to gloating. In
this situation the best we can do is to feel a hum-
ble gratitude that we have thus far been spared the
temptation to be drawn into the conflict. Under
similar conditions we should doubtless have acted
exactly as those people did, and we should have
found ourselves in the same unhappy situation,
committed to infamies, one infamy leading to an-
other.

There are, however, certain legitimate consolations
to be drawn from the war. One is that it has
given us a mighty demonstration of world
unity. In a very true sense this war is a world
war. The whole world feels its influence. The
mischiefs done by the warriors the whole world
must help to alleviate. The Belgians, for example,
cannot be ignored. Their woes cry, not only to
heaven, but to humanity. The response shows how
much sympathy lies in the great human heart,
in the universal consciousness. And it is none the
less real because it reminds us of claims upon
neither, perhaps at our very door, insisting that
charity begins at home. There is no reason, how-
ever, why charity should end there. The best
thought that can come to us out of all the anguish
is the realization that the battlefields of war and
the battlefields of peace are essentially one and
the same. To meet the slow death of malnutrition
may be even worse than the quick death by the
bullet. How long shall we continue to endure the
conditions that make so many battlefields? Here
is the point that is impressing itself upon us today,
that makes a national Thanksgiving in one sense
a mockery, in another sense the most solemn day
of the year.

A war has value through the effectiveness of its
appeal to the understanding. We are horrified by
news of carnage, millions of men, all justified from
their own point of view, devoting themselves to
slaughtering one another. But this kind of com-
petition, remember, is only one expression of the
competing spirit that makes our slums, our pris-
ons, our insane asylums, and our multi-milli-
onaires. Just so long as this frantic traffic goes on
we must have wars. The traffic itself is war.
Usually it tries to disguise itself in fine appearances
and in noble phrases; but, stripped of its pre-
tensions, it shows itself in its real nature. The ruth-
lessness of peace keeps the world in practice for
only one kind of preparation. There are other
kinds much more costly, much more devastating
both physically and morally.

How then can we be thankful today? Well,
we can be thankful that we are beginning to see.
And we can be thankful that we have the privilege
of speaking out. Once, on this most vital of all
days, we could not have been frank. We should
have been obliged to dissemble and to hedge. And
we can be thankful that each year more people are
seeing. Of course, they don't always live by
what they know. Theory and practice, as this war
so pitifully demonstrates, are often far apart. But
theory, where it is sound, paves the way. Once
established in the consciousness of mankind, it is
sure ultimately to work out in action.

It is equivalent to saying that the disease it betrays
may not be allowed to take this particular syn-
drome, but it is not will go on taking other
symptoms till the disease is attacked, not from the
outside, but from within, from the place where it
starts.

If we cared sincerely and deeply we could not
rejoice on this Thanksgiving Day or on any other
Thanksgiving Day. We should all be out, trying
to help the wounded on the battlefield, but the
battlefield thousands of miles away, but the battle-
field at our doors. The trouble is we don't care
enough. But we are learning to care. We are
finding out why we ought to care. We are fixing
the responsibility where it belongs, on ourselves.
So, perhaps without seeming to be cruel, we can
rejoice that our eyes are open.

As we look back on the history of this country
for the past few years we should see many a
peril that we have escaped, and a few temptations
that we did not yield to. They include our treat-
ment of Cuba. Suppose we had yielded to the
spirit of self-aggrandizement, of aggression. We
might now have an ulcer in our life, poisoning our
whole national system. With Cuba in mind we
may well be thankful that we have had sense
enough to want to give the Filipinos the freedom
that we are always asserting as our right. The
time is surely coming when we shall see that the
knowledge of the Philippines is a preparation for
facing, advantage-seeking, policy has in it the
seeds of disease and misery. Behind the European
war lurk the shames of past generations, thrilled
into a terrible activity, turning human beings into
monsters of inhumanity. Let us be thankful, not
for the ghastly spectacle before us, but for the warn-
ing that goes with it, for the inspiration it offers in
the direction of sound living.

For a long time the world has known that there
is no effect without its cause. But it has a weak-
ness for paying attention to the immediate cause,
which may not be the real cause at all, but may
merely cover up a multitude of causes. Many able
minds are now trying to fasten the responsibility
for the war here and there, on this nation or that,
for the war. The task is diverting and interesting
and unprofitable.

There are those who say that the glory of the
twentieth century lies in the awakening of sym-
pathy. But that awakening is only a sign of a
much larger and greater awakening, the dawning
of the new social era, which, in spite of so many
denials, is surely here with its promises that the
common human rights shall find recognition and
protection and that some day the world shall be
able to unite in a general Thanksgiving.

Never before in this country have we had more
reason to congratulate ourselves on living in a
democracy. But we are learning that democracy is
not a mere matter of governmental form. It must
be democracy in spirit. Under democratic forms
there may flourish industrial abuses that are far
more baneful in their effects than many of the out-
ward limitations of personal freedom. Those in
the past who fought and died for democracy might
well be applauded if they could see some of the
violations in the present, where freedom is assumed
to be an inalienable right. It is, indeed, a matter
for thanksgiving that we can renew our faith in
freedom by recognizing it as an even greater and
nobler ideal than inspired the heroes of the Revolu-
tion, broad enough to include, not the people of
one nation, but the people of all nations, with
needs and hopes and rights exactly like our own.

OUR COUNTRY— OUR PRESIDENT A History of the American People BY WOODROW WILSON

AN UNFRUITFUL ADMINISTRATION.

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The four years Mr. Adams was President
yielded scarcely a single important
measure either of legislation or of policy.
They proved to be a season between
times, in which the new parties got their
first drill and organization, and merely
maneuvered for advantage in the final
struggle, the decisive victory and defeat,
to come.

Hitherto the President had been default-
ing the real leader of the government. His
messages had in no small degree con-
stituted the programs of party action, in
Congress hardly less than in executive
policy.

Now, of a sudden, they counted almost
for nothing.
Mr. Adams was treated as if he were
the leader of a faction.
Congress seldom vouchsafed so much
as a respectful consideration to his sug-
gestions.

Fresh congressional elections filled the
House with his opponents. Now and again
a measure passed which the administra-
tion was known to favor; but only, it
seemed, because the discipline of parties
was not yet recast, and some men were
guided when they chose to be, by old
ties or individual preferences.

Mr. Adams performed his duties with the
diligence, the intelligence, the high-
minded regard for principle that had al-
ways characterized him.
No man of his generation was better
acquainted than he with the field of for-
eign policy, still here and there perplexed
and ominous; and he applied himself like
a statesman to the settlement of every
question that was likely to affect either
the peace or the credit of the country.

His successful treaties of commerce
nearly equalled in number those of all
the preceding administrations put to-
gether.

But in the chief matter of all he failed.

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Doings of Society

The Church of the Epiphany was the
scene of a brilliant and fashionable
wedding at noon yesterday when Miss
Thropp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph
E. Thropp, House Australian, ferns
and golden plumosa apparatus banked
the chancel and formed a background
for the bride and groom. The bride
wore a pale pink to deepest rose. Stand-
ards of the same flowers marked the
pews and were used throughout the
church. The ceremony was performed
by the Right Rev. William Cabell
Brown bishop coadjutor of Richmond,
assisted by the Rev. Dr. Randolph H.
McKin, rector of the church. A musical
program was rendered by the organist
during the seating of the guests.

The bride, who was given in marriage
by her father, wore a gown of pearl em-
broided tulle over satin, quite simply
made. The overskirt was bordered with
a deep band of pearl embroidery. She
wore a tulle veil, caught with orange
blossoms and carried a shower of white
butterfly sweet peas and lilies of the
valley.

Miss Eleanor Morgan was maid of
honor for Miss Wilmer, and the brides-
maids were Miss Frances Williams,
Miss Caroline (Miss) Jones, Miss Dor-
othy Alenish, Miss Margaret Van Dyke
Grant, of Atlanta; Miss Cary Johnston,
of Lexington, Ky.; and Miss Leta Sul-
livan, of Philadelphia. They wore
similar gowns of periwinkle blue tulle,
made over blue satin with deep borders
of silver tulle. The bridesmaids' little
shirts were held out over a hoop, which
was garnished with tiny pink and yellow
roses; and the flowers were used on the
simple bodices of blue tulle. The sleeves
were of tulle and were made short.

They wore hats of periwinkle blue tulle,
with drooping brims, faced with velvet
and shaded darker. A band of silver tissue
encircled the crown, and the tiny trim-
mings were a small cluster of made roses,
one blue and two of silver, posed at the
side front. All the attendants carried
shower bouquets of Forsythia
flowers and butterfly sweet peas, in a
lovely shade of pink.

Douglas Scott Thropp was best man
for his brother and the usher was
Richard H. Wilmer, the bride's brother.
Mr. Franklin Ellis, Mr. Gerald DeCourcy
May and Mr. Streeter Flynn, of
Washington, Ky.; and Mr. Edwin S. Sul-
livan, of Philadelphia, were the
groomsmen.

Mr. Wilmer, the bride's mother,
wore a handsome costume of amethyst
chiffon velvet with feathers. Mrs.

Mrs. Julian James, the Surgeon Gen-
eral of the Army and Mrs. Gorgas, Dr.
Joseph H. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur
Addison, Mrs. Edward Robinson, of
Philadelphia, a bride of yesterday, whose
husband was a member of the wedding
party; Mr. and Mrs. Richard Town-
send, the Rev. Dr. C. Ernest Smith and the
Misses Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Har-
low and Mrs. Harlow, Mrs. Harlow,
Margaret Perin, Dr. and Mrs. Louis
Greene, Mrs. Silas Terry, Mr. and Mrs.
J. Pembroke Thropp, of Baltimore, Mrs.
Ernest, Mrs. H. B. Brown, Mr. and Mrs.
James F. Mitchell, Dr. and Mrs. Frank
Haguer, Pay Director and Mrs. John Mer-
riam, Mr. and Mrs. George Peabody
Eustis, Miss Gwynn, Mrs. Alan McLean,
the Misses Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. Her-
bert Howard, Dr. and Mrs. Jencks and
Miss Jencks, of Baltimore; Dr. Cabell,
Mrs. Thropp, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Arthur
Hinkley and Miss Hinkley, Mrs. John
W. Bayne, Mrs. Rockwood Hoar and Mrs.
Rockwood Hoar, Mr. Alexander, of New
York; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas T. Gaff, Miss
Helen Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Armistead
Peters, Senator Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Geo-
frey Keyes, Mrs. Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs.
Natalie Sumner Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs.
Charles Henry Butler, Mr. William P.
Drapper, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Smith,
Archibald Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. James
R. Garfield, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and
Mrs. Henry S. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs.
C. H. Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. John
McClintock, Miss Christine King,
of Philadelphia; Miss Laura Amory, of
Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Grant, of Atlanta;
Mrs. C. H. Brown, of New York; Mrs.
Miss Marion Oliver, Miss Pamela de
Pena and Mr. Hugo de Pena; Mrs. Ed-
ward de Penne, of Annapolis; Mrs. Mar-
shall Field; Mrs. Mark Hanna, Lieut.
Paul Bastedo, Mr. Robert Stead, Jr., and
Mr. William C. Stead, Jr., and Mr. and
Mrs. Thomas Ewing, Mrs. Alexander
Ewing, and Mr. Newbold Noyes.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth
Bowler Garland, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. John Spotswood Garland, and Mr.
George Wharton Edwards, took place
last evening at the residence of St. George
Church, the rector, the Rev. Charles
Warner, officiating. Mr. Edwards is the
son of Col. Estlin A. Edwards, U. S. A.,
retired, and Mrs. Edwards is the daughter
of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Wharton
Edwards, of Philadelphia. The bride was
in white, with a train of white tulle, and
her groom was of pink tulle, with gar-
lands of French roses in blue and pink
at the wrist. The bride carried a
dainty bouquet of white embroidered
moss, with pink ribbons and a basket of
pink roses. The groom carried a basket
of pink roses. The ceremony was cele-
brated by the Rev. Charles Warner, of
Washington.

A reception at the home of Mr. and
Mrs. Garland, in Georgetown, for the
bridal party and a small number of
guests.

The bride's gown was of white tulle,
over ivory satin, with trimmings of
silver and a court train of satin. Her
train veil was caught to the hair with
a wreath of white blossoms. The bride
bought was of white roses and lilies of
the valley. Mr. Garland gave his
bride a ring of diamonds. Miss Mary Trux-
ter, of New York, was bridesmaid, and
her groom was of pink tulle, with gar-
lands of French roses in blue and pink
at the wrist. The bride carried a
dainty bouquet of white embroidered
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